

**THE NEW YORK SUN.**

**FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1862.**

**The Dying Boy.**

*(For the New York Sun.)*

I am weary, dearest mother,  
Of the gaudy winds that fail,  
For the sun is hot,  
There's falling on my soul,  
And I am weary, mother dear,  
Of the long, bright summer day;  
I'm weary of the sparkling stream,  
And the eddy's idle play.

I've floated down the river, mother,  
Where the stars are still above;  
My heart was all giddy then;  
My young heart was all love;  
But down another river,  
I'm floating, mother dear,  
And when the stars shine out again,  
You'll lay me by their bloom.

When the summer sun shone brightly;  
I was a happy boy, I used to say;  
And oft at weary twilight,  
I've dreamed away the hours;  
When, mother, next the sun shall shine,  
You'll lay me by their bloom,  
All the flowers, once so dear to me,  
Will die upon my tomb.

I have every reason to think so. I was taken  
to the Congo River by Halcom and sold to a  
chief in the manner he stated. But my fate  
was different from the one he had marked out for me. The very next day a vessel came up there  
for water, and some of the passengers came ashore.  
One of them, a wealthy gentleman, who had lived  
for months at the cape of Good Hope, and had  
buried his wife there, was now returning with his infant daughter to France. He saw me, became interested in me, and bought me, thus averting any danger of my becoming the  
beast Halcom would have made me. I was taken  
to France and educated as this gentleman's son.  
He adopted me as such and I have had  
every advantage wealth can give. I was known  
by his name Rupert Brahm, until I learned to  
love his daughter more than a sister. Then I  
determined to know my own family, for I would  
not offer her a name which was less than stainless.  
Mr. Brahm respected my scruples, though  
both he and Cecile begged me to give up all idea  
of such a fruitless search as this would be, and  
even assured me that she loved me well that the  
more accident of birth would not influence her in  
the least. Finding I would not take advantage of  
their generosity, and marry until I knew  
more of myself, they have accompanied me and  
are now temporarily sojourning on a plantation  
on St. Simon's Island. I faintly remembered  
that I came from a slave holding state, also that  
it was a sea-island district. I had a dim recollection  
of sometimes riding with my father through cotton-fields, and I also remembered a few other peculiarities of the South. I knew  
that my name was Moreland, and was confirmed  
in the knowledge by the fact that that name was  
plainly written on my right arm in India  
ink. Therefore, on setting out on my search, I  
disengaged the name of Brahm, calling myself  
Rupert Moreland. I was led to think that this  
place might have been my home, since I have  
discovered that Halcom has always lived hereabouts.  
I have been here three months, and until tonight I have not obtained the slightest  
clue to my relationship. But I now believe that  
I am the son of Moreland Wayne and the brother  
of that sweet girl we endeavored to protect  
aboard the steamer. I dare not say anything  
more until this suspicion is verified. Oh, would it  
be so? Not only would I be unpeachably happy in having such a father and such a  
sister, but I could offer Cecile Brahm a name as  
honorable as her own."

and for their escape, as well as how we can best  
assist them."

"We can't go now," was the reply, "comes  
he's just gone up to help catch us. He's got to  
go shore for us to see his partner, here he fails,  
as then's our chance."

"We'll wait then, since it's necessary," said  
Japhet, seating himself on the edge of a bale of  
cotton. "It won't do to risk our chance and  
spoil all."

"Seems to me, Cap'n," exclaimed Jude,  
"that you think a good o'od that' that little  
gal! Does ye love her or? Does ye want to  
marry'er?"

"No," replied the young man, smiling, "I  
know a sunny-haired little maiden who would  
object to that. I may as well take you into my  
confidence, Jude, I believe that I am Mike  
Wayne's brother."

"Her brother?" ejaculated the boy.

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sister, but I could offer Cecile Brahm a name as

honorable as her own."

The young man stopped, and shaded his eyes

with his hand for a moment, then continued:

"Another proof to me is the fact that this

girl is now persecuting Colonel Wayne and his

daughter. I shall solve this mystery tonight if I live."

"I'll help you," said Jude, extending his hand. "May your hand on me like I was your brother."

"You too have been deeply wronged by him, Jude. Soon after that occurred he returned and

won your mother's love. You were born. He

is your father, Jude, although you cannot legally bear his name. He is the basest of

wretches."

Jude's eyes flashed, and he clenched his fist

as he muttered:

"I hate him! I'll be revenged on him, an

and we'll get the crew all drunk. Least

ways, I kin. Then's our chance. Eh?"

"Yes, that will do. But what in the name of

goodness have you there?" asked Japhet, in

astonishment, noticing the purples for the first

time.

"They're morn'song!" ejaculated Halcom, in a whis-

per. "I may as well boat a retreat, as they ap-

pear to be half madmen and delirious with their

ravings and dolefulness!"

He turned to retire, cautiously, but in some

apprehension, when he found himself suddenly

seized by two gigantic negroes who had crept up

stealthily behind him while he was watching the

dancers. The slaves made a desperate effort to

overpower his captors, but a shrill cry from one

of them soon brought the whole circle of dancers

around him; and he immediately found himself

assailed by a half dozen of the negroes, all raving

and clutching at him, like so many fanned

wolves. Despite all his frantic efforts to escape,

Captain Halcom was conquered after a short but

savage contest, and bound quite as securely as he

had so recently bound the Colonels.

"What is that?" he asked, contemplatively,

turning the silver in his hand several times.

"It's houses an' lairs. It's men servants and

women servants, it's little pigs an' big pigs, it's

wife an' chil'en, fren' an' fam'ly; it's good looks

an' telligence, it's dorgs an' horgs, it's pigs an' chickins, horses an' cows, rabbl an' a pet

monkey. It's enny thing y'all kin imagine! It's

a blue jacket an' red pants, it's good wifles an'

a good bunk fer sleep in. It's a mar-

bles' fren'.

"Lord, I hope y'all go an' go to that tavern.

Takes a long time to get there, but I'll be

there in a jiffy.

"I'll put the money here if it's picked by

the Colonels, I'll look at Japhet, who had

listened to the slaves a lile.

"So that's your opinion of money, is it?" he

asked laughing.

"Yes, an I kin show y'all that that million is

was talkin' bout the girl. Want to see it?

Come on, Cap'a. I'll carry yer if yer say

so."

Jude extended his hands as if about to put his

offer into execution.

To be Continued.

**OFFICIAL AND LEGAL.**

**SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RE-**

**CEIVED by the School Officers of the SIXTH**

**WARD, at the office of the Clerk of the Board**

**of Education, out of Grand-street, at 12 o'clock**

**noon, on Friday, the 1<sup>st</sup> instant, for the sum of**

**\$100, for the construction of a new school-**

**house, to be erected on the site of the old**

**school-house, situated on the corner of**

**Grand-street and Franklin-street, in the**

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